BY E. M. BROWN.

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## BUSINESS CARDS.

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Cyrus Cummings, LUTHER B. GUERNSEY,

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An extensive TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT connec-

Just received at Bryant & Slude's a hetter lot of Sperm Oil than can be found at any other store in town. MEDICAL NOTICE!

MEDICAL OR SURGICAL
AID TO ALL
who may require his professional Lacryices. He may be
found at present at Mrs. LYMAN'S.

NOTICE!

IE subscriber wishes all those that have accounts with him to settle the same, as he is about accounts with him to settle the same, as he is about accounts with him to settle the same, as he is about accounts with him to settle the same.

B. C. JAQUES, THE subscriber wishes all those that have unsettled to leave the place.
Barnard, March 11, 1848.

NEW SPRING FASHIONS OF HATS & CAPS. Just received a few cases New Styles of Hats and Caps at the clothing Emporium of March 5th, 1843. 408 MUNGER & BRYANT.

OTTAUQUECHEE Savings Bank. Hours of bus-iness, Wednesdays and Safurdays, from 2 to 4 P. M. 409 if JOB LYMAN, Treasurer.

N 08.1 & 2 Kits of Mackerel put up expressly for family use, for sale CHEAP at 407 if. BRYANT & SLADE'S.

## Poetry.

## America.

DEDICATED TO J'S. K. POLK, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES; BY BARTHELEMY.

Translated from the French for the Boston Daily Times, BY F. A. DURIVAGE.

The "Courier des Etats-Unis," which first published it, thus introduces this remarkable composition—"We commend the attention of our readers to the following verses which the poet, Barthelemy, has just addressed to the American Union, under cover to its President, James K. Polk. This composition is as remarkable for thought as expression. It is a magnificent delayrambic on a magnificent subject."

In fifty years Europe will be either Cossack or Repub-

No sadder sight demands the fulling tear Than an old man whose end is drawing near; Whose blood still courses feebly through his veins, The spirit vanished, though the form remains. turns awakened, or by sleep subdued, He leaves his chair, he speaks, he takes his food, Still worthy of our pity, totters on Though more than half his former self is gone, And instinct guides his earthly frame alone. And such to us those nations now appear Which but a semblance of existence wear, While from their aged frames life glides away; Such, Europe, thy condition is to-day. Still to thy bending brow the life-blood flows, Still the Collossus, striving with his woes. Sometimes attempts a step with tottering feet, And gropes along the old and beaten street; Then suddenly, his muscles giving way
Falls, and in dreaming slumber sinks his day.
Thy brow by passing shadows overcast,
Thy accents marmur words of ages past,
Illustrious names, by deeds illustrious won, Charlemagne, Casar and Napoleon And Cromwell, glory's uncorrupted son. Sometimes a smile upon thy pallid face Of darker shadows takes the yielded place-Half snothered words—the People—Liberty— The Fetere—flutter on thy lips—then die, Then thy huge arms about thee wildly flung, Thy brow with pallid agony is wrung. While every sign a horror shadows forth, Thine eyes are wildly fixed upon the north

Comes not that fatal crisis, fraught with awe, The Prophet Emperor in his visions saw, When on his rocky death-bed far away, The mists were banished by a brighter day, And he beheld, that hour beholding all, Europe enfranchised, or the Cossack's thrall? The Cossack's thrail! Shall Europe steep so low And kneel to Moscow for the brand or blow? Shall Greece, where Art and letters had their

birth,
birth,
Whose light irradiated all the earth,
Shall Rome, the victor and law giver too.
Shall Spain, who to the old world gave the New, Shall Portugal, so great from battles won, Who round the stormy cape pursued the sun, Shall France, with fourteen centuries to show, Proud nations all, in vite shasement low, Be like dumb cattle to the slaughter driven, While by the Mogul lance their ficarts are riven? Why not? Eternity is not their own— Their very dwelling place is a loan— Sonner or later must the sentence fail-Invasion ends the history of all. ious tribes have borne their brands & chains Through Europe, One Alone steet remains, The enemy of all beneath the sun:

Though nations have been crushed like grains of Rejected from the seive by Heaven's own hand,-The hammer breaks not by the labor done-Such was the Cambrian-such the Teuton-Hun, Such would their offspring be-the demon reigns That fired of Attia the glorious veins, Whispered to Catherine's soul of glorious wars, And lives, the counsellor of all the czars Vainly they seek to hide their minds from ours, Their secret thought incessantly devours-Their throne established on the Bosphorus, For them unbounded sway and chains for us. To such wild dreams the Russian mind gives birth, Such is the menace to the trembling earth.

Such is the fate Impeial Russia deigns To offer Europe—will she welcome chains! Will she, unterrified, unmarmuring, wait The hour the seer predicted and the fate? The Prophet Emperor beheld a hope— Saw in the stars a double horoscope— Safety and danger standing side by side— An ork of refage from th' o'erwhelming tide— The democratic ark, its portals spread,— A shelter from the tempest overhead. Europe will build that ark to brave the sea-(Of sound materials must the structure be.) But weak the hands that wield the moulding steel And toiling on, still must she pause and ask Advice of masters who abhor her task-Of every king who lives in hate and dread With legs less gouty than his royal head.

Poor Europe! she is old and worn and weak, Her limbs no sign of former strength bespeak; Those arms once stalwart, shew no vigor now And for existence strike a languid blow. Still doubt it not, the ark will be complete. Monarchs shall kneel before their subject's feet; From Neva to the Tiber and the sea, Kings shall be banished and the nations free

These days shall come; but in that happy hour Europe will never hold the scale of Power-That scale, which holds the fate of all our kind, However brave, however bright her mind, Or be the centre of this mighty world When thrones and sceptres are to rain burled. This centre is constantly changing place -Asia once held it, 'ere was born our race-From land to land forever deemed to stray, Who can predict its resting place to-day? Each time the surface of the earth expands, The central point is changed to other lands. Since English guns have opened to the world The far Cathay, so long is darkness furled Feeling of new desires and hopes the birth China may join the nations of the earth, And far Oceana, with borrowed robe, Seek for her place upon the busy globe; Then farther must the social pivot be, Not in the land of worn antiquity.

Far in a western land there lies its home,

Peyond the dark Atlantic's roar and foam, Where day by day a nation see their star Rise to the zenith, bright in peace and war, Strong in the powers which led their numbers The names of Franklin and of Washington. DOCT. S. J. ALLEN
The names of Franklin and of Washingto
as taken up his residence at White River, Vt., and
would say to the inhabitants, that he will be most happy
Hold land and sea in mastery complete, These men are warriors, sailors, men of toil, And build a city as we build a street; Seeking instruction in arts, manners, laws, From savage nature, pleading still her cause; Toiling by labor descris to reclaim, Earth's pioneers, and worthy of the name; Their strength united makes the general sway. And each one forms the law which all obev; s shout All are the nation's sons who seek to be;-And when they choose a ruler for the free, They take that master from the general throng, And say-"thy reign o'er us is four years long. Such simple forms are all that consecrate The chosen chief and ruler of the State. And he, the people's sovereign, whate'er He be, or merchant, planter, to the chair Raised, Polk, as that art, by the people's voice, The people's candidate, the people's choice, Of real royalty would feel no more Were twenty regiments to guard his door. He the exponent of the popular will, Makes peace or war, and strengthous by his skill,

By talent fosters a far mightier realm, Than owns a European diadem, A ruler by the law, a prouder name Than any prince or potentate can claim, And when his brief career of chief is o'er, He calmly yields his delegated power, A humble citizen he turns again To his own place among his fellow men.

\*Tis then no drenm-no wild Utopian scene-A people making liberty their queen; Warm with her life, and by her strength made

This bright ideal we may all behold. To those whose blinded eyes refused to see So bright a future for Democracy, Who thought its limits could not increase, O'er wider space than old republic Greece, To all of evil heart and blinded eye, The glories of America reply.

But still was requisite an untried stage Whereon to play the drama of the age, A drama noblest in sublimity, A nation to enact a world to see Their spirats purified from ancient hate, Even in the fiery struggles of debate, The patriot's voice is heard in every note, Whichever party claims the speaker's vote. There principles alone still reign supreme, No other monarcy, no old regime. The mighty past no regal shadow flings, No fond regret to mar the present brings. No enmity there severs caste from caste In mountains, forests and savannahs vast, No rained towers, no feudal keeps you see, Bodies that still preserve vitality. Scour all the cities of the shore and plain, You'll find no treasonable Saint-Germain There no faint hearts, no coward spirits latk, But every arm is strenghened for the work On sweeps the torrent,—rulers never quail, But lend their brenth to swell the popular gale. Those two-fold powers, the Press and Steam

combined, Urge the advance of matter and of mind-Dauntless in dangers, strangers all to fear, The sons of freedom push their high career; A thousand steamhouts plough their furrows free O'er giant rivers rushing to the sen, A crash--a shock-one gallant boat is gone, But the next thunders all unheeding, on. Look on the boundless universe and say, What prouder vision meets the eye of day, Than that proud Engle soaring to the sky, No prison dark beholding from on high?

While other nations immature are born, Columbia, perfect, blessed her natal morn. Three quarters of a century scarce have flown Since Freedom claimed the western world her

Her blood on Banker's Hill is scarce grown old But yet matured, she lifts her forehead bold, Baptized in fire and rising from the wars, Bedecked with Glory's constellated stars And prompt her first far limits to disdain, Already Oregon is her domain, Spain gives to her fair Florida away; Our Louisiana owns her sovereign sway: No narrow bounds her fiery heart can hold Her foot already treads the land of gold ---Where Cortez led from Spain his steelclad braves O'er Montezuma's Halls her banner waves.

What would she more? One glorious jewel\*

Gleams in Hispania's starry coronet, Pearl of the sea-no brighter gem embraced In the fair gulf wherein it lies enchased. The prize so wear that extendess for tway? She hopes to win the gem; but let her wait, That pearl perhaps will be the gift of Fate; For every western star that shines in turn, May on her banner in conjunction burn. Since wonders have been wrought, may it not be That the far-souring eagle of the free. Will wing his daring flight from South to North, Pass the St. Lawrence, ever pouring forth His mighty stream, then Southward wing his

flight, Pass Chimberazo's ever-burning height, Sending his thrilling cry from sea to sea, And soaring on in unch c'ted majesty, And pausing only at that southern gate, Where bold Magellan pierced the stormy strain!

Stupendous Future! yet in darkness furled --There has perchance the Union of the world. Each day new light upon the movement sends, Westward the continental axis tends. When men as brighter prospects greet their eyes, Like birds of passage, leave their natal skies, The hand of Providence is there displayed, And greatness out of ruin drear is made. Whither does Ireland, from her blighted soil, Or Germany, send forth her men of toil? Why do they leave their father-land unblest? They go to seek a mother in the West. As instinct fills the animals with dread, When the roof-tree crumbles overhead Unerring instinct bids these ere too late, Fice from the rain of impending Fate: While bending roof, and sinking shattered wall, Mark the old homestead toppling to its fall, The very earth to foot no longer true, The Old World seeks a refuge in the New.

\*The Island of Cuba .

Powers' Eve .- You would like to hear of his statue of Eve, which men of taste pronounce one of the finest works of modern times. A more perfect figure never filled my eye. I have seen the master-Canova, and the Venus de Medici, but I have seen nothing yet that can exceed the beauty of this glorious statue. So completely did the first view excite my surprise and delight, and thrill every sense that awakes at the sight of the beautiful, that my mind dwelt intensely on it for days afterwards. This is the Eve of Scripture; the Eve of Milton; mother of mankind, and fairest of all her race. With the full and majestic beauty of ripened womanhood, she wears the purity of a world as yet unknown to sin. With the bearing of a softness and grace of a tender, loving wo-"God-like, erect, with native honor clad

In naked majesty," she holds the fatal fruit extended in her hand, and her face expresses the strugle between conscience, dread, and desire .-The serpent, whose coiled length under the leaves and flowers entirely surrounds her,-thus forming a beautiful allegorical symbol,-is watching her decision from an ivied trunk at her side. Her form is an air of conscious and ennobling dignity. The head is far superior in beauty, and the soul speaks from every feature of the countenance. - Views afoot.

A lot of 100,000 lbs. of ment, was recently cooked, all at once, in Alton, Ill. No insurance, except upon the smoke house that was hurned.

Great destitution and distress still exists in New-

## Miscellaneous.

From the Columbian Magazine for March.

Jottings of a Heart.

BY MRS. C. I. H. NICHGLS.

A word, a glance, will sometimes touch the hidden spring, which being once opened, will flow on forever.

Spare us the life of incident, gentle reader, and we will read you the life of feeling; we will pass before you a soul in its progress to maturity forming its tastes and habits of thought an action un-der the powerful direction of a single first impres-We read you the lesson in the hope that it may impress you, as it has us, with the importance to the child of things which the occupied

fledged and soaring spirit contemplates its moulting time, and oh! how fearful a thing it seems to have been a little child—as clay in the hands of dence. The man of books had thrown open his location and specific for the location and specific fo

if e eternal, win it to glad companionship with its own soul, there to call order and purpose out of chaos—there to store precious treasure—there to mine the wealth of immortality and wreaths fade—a name and honors and wealth were the goal of less coronals for the altars of social and domestic his ambition, and that he deemed her continued in the first it brings its precious burden of loope and jay to the loved and trusted and meets no kindred response, or is soothed as a dreamer. Alas! for the source of her own deep self-readings site had divined that it find not a lofty rest—if wing-weary it come back from the desert waste and no gentle less coronals for the altars of social and domestic love. But alas! how few wisely learn from early experiences the power of a single fitly timed and occasioned lesson to accomplish all this! Only the sons and daughters who have learned to—bless her influence and the beautiful presences of their souls, or to fear and turn from her image in the live area and darkness of ill resulted passes. The souls, or to fear and turn from her image in the live area and darkness of ill resulted passes. and ill-directed aspirings—only those who have borne themselves company from the tiny springs pledge of the loving efficiency which revealed its to the full fountains of mature life can estimate the responsibility of the mother for the future characters and every charite to its immodel, and store the future characters and every charite to its immodel, and store the future characters and every charite to its immodel, and the solitude which is peopled with

infant soul into the light and liberty of a life of gathered sweetness and depth, end high endeavor—you shall see the heart where fashion, pleasure and self might have held high festival, opened and dedicated to the occupancy of the beautiful, the true, the earnest—you shall see love crowing its course with joy, and, fured on by the spirit of beauty, placking flowers in desolate places—ay, planting them, it may be, and watering with tears.

gathered sweetness and depth, end no eye was public in the planting them is not even the mother, whose image occupied a sacred niche, as the high processes who had entered into her heart's holiest of hoties and sacrificed upon its aitar once and forever, might lift the veit and look within. She knew not that the child, clinging to books and solitude, in defiance of depending comparisons and producties of useless.

drew the weeper to her bosom, imprinted a kiss knew not then, she dreamed not now, that from on her forchead, and spoke in the deep, impassion-ed tones of prophetic. 'My child, I know you are close in her throbbing heart the hope that, ever co-sgency of heaven.' And henceforth the mainot beautiful, but neither are you ill-favored.— knocking, ever asking, was as an angel of love, den's life was more expanded in its objects, more Beauty of person is of little worth if the spirit be opening to it the beautiful analogies of earth and complicated in its endeavors. She sought skill in not beautiful, if the mind be not intelligent. God heaven, of matter and spirit-extracting strength has given you a loving heart, that you might be, from trial, joy from sorrow, and manifold blessings like him, good and useful. He has given you an from all the appointings of God's providence, intelligent mind, that you might treasure up all. And the child saw it not at once, but only as intelligent mind, that you might treasure up all

'Oh never, mother! I can never be loved like and highted love-only when step by step, and er; to a lovely spot among towering mountains and dear Claia May; they look at her and murmur thow beautiful! then look at me, and the smile God's angels were ever at hand, making the of business, a sweet cottage nestles amid fruit and tades and they are silent. Oh, mother, I wish I had never lived!' And again the child fell subring on her mother's bosom.

She is beautiful in your eyes, my child, is she

all love her very much."

The mother knew it not, but her heavenly mission to that young aspirant after love's immortality was accomplished. had turned the light of the cherubim upon the dark chaes of awakening intelligence and sympathy, and a new and operative faith had sprung up in pieces of Thorwaldsen, Dannecker, and as glad, warm radiance. The child dried her work between her heart and the love it pined for should command loving appreciation.

the good and gifted in the majestic haunts and aisles, relieve the sombre drapery of the queen, there is in her countenance the world so bright, so beautiful to the spiritual eye ture, but none gave expression to the beauty-breathing aspirations that held possession of her soul. The spiritual meanings, the ideal beauty of the world, and its appointings, of life and its eternal promise, had for them no absorbing interest, no real existence. The grand old woods were the soul that stands uncovered amid its congregafuel or timber; the wavy fields were for food for brutes or men, and their value narrowed down to and thoughtful, must be the love that conceived it! de Medici, and, from its greater size, has the dollars and cents they would bring in market. how infinite in glory the intelligence that called it and a prize of conscious and contains and cents they would bring in market. how infinite in glory the intelligence that called it into heing! 'The heavens declare thy glory and man—nothing for its influence on his immortal apprint. The child saw it and was sad—was sad in the conscious rending of the link that bound her with her kind in the better hopes and objects of existence. And henceforth she was conscious of the link that bound her better hopes and objects of existence. And henceforth she was conscious of ing on the besom of Infinite Lave. The child had other the free and spontaneous upspringing of all that was impassioned and hopeful in her nature.—
She had taken the first degree in the knowledge of good—had sought the riches of the spirit that she might win love, and in the dim and scarce defined heart so blessed in receiving that only in giving the consciousness; the me love the addendum of a district.

their incorruptible heritage.
Years passed and the child was on the verge of

womanhood. Outward circumstances had scarcebarren of incident to other eyes, while to the inner life of the individual it may have been associminds of the actors in life's busy scenes pass over ated with the happiest results and most important resolves. So the life of the child barren of inter-The woman looks back upon the child; the est only to those who could not lift the veil from have been a little child—as clay in the hands of the potter, enconcious of its future necessities, careless of its present resources, the uncalculating recipient of impressions that give hue to the long future of an endiess existence, and influences forgever to coerce the voluntary exercise of the matured and responsible intellect.

And yet more fearful is it to be a mother, carelessly wielding influences that will affix to the imprer life of her child the seal of darkness and expatriation, or, inviting thither the angels of love and his eternal, win it to glad companionship with its that deep the light of immortality upon the sweetbitterness and darkness of ill-regulated passions drew her to himself—but timid before man, to which her spirit yearned were not of this world—and ill-directed aspirings—only those who have whose limited foresight her soul could give no were the angel whispers of "the better land." responsibility of the mother for the future charac-ter and happiness of her child. and held on its course rejoicing, never doubting, But come with me, render, who lovest to turn the page of character and note its progress from the child's "straight marks," to the full, breathing stream that seeks the green solitudes and winds. characters of developed hope and feeling—come, and you shall behold the veritable baptism of the wild flowers, the life of the child expanded and infant soul into the light and liberty of a life of gathered sweetness and depth, end no eye was and other lands, unquestioned—almost unnoticed. The hopes, the fancies, the loves of her young rears.

Oh no, I am not beautiful! and the child sighed, and teers stole down her cheeks as she turned despairingly from the mirror which had confirmed, not taught the fact.

Oh no, I am not beautiful! and the child sighed, are searching the present pleasure to the future reward, was toiling in the faith of her own long-forgotten prophecy—was fulfilling her fondest wishes—was preparing to vise up and call her wishes—was preparing to 'rise up and call her blessed' forever. Still time passed on; and though the fact.

'Why those tears, my daughter? Are you ill?' blessed' forever. Still time passed on; and though the blessed forever. Still time passed on; and though on eye saw it, on its wing had been borne a forebody can love me.' And again the tears flowed, and of time and sorrow; and the enlightenand the child of scarce six summers covered her face with her tiny hand sobbed in anguish of spir it. The first conscious misfortune had struck uphowers of eternal love. And yet she knew it not howers of eternal love. And yet she knew it not cannot but drink daily at the founteins of immortal the words of the maden; 'it must win heaven, host care into possession of the first fruits of immortal ity, of knowledge of God, or grope in darkness and desolation forever.' 'It is even so, murmurface with her tiny hand sobbed in anguish of spir it. The first conscious misfortune had struck uphowers of eternal love. And yet she knew it not cannot but drink daily at the founteins of immortal the enter into possession of the first fruits of immortal ity, of knowledge of God, or grope in darkness and desolation forever.' 'It is even so, murmurface with her tiny hand sobbed in anguish of spir it. The first conscious misfortune had struck uphone in the enter into possession of the first fruits of immortal ity, of knowledge of God, or grope in darkness and desolation forever.' 'It is even so, murmurface with the enter into possession of the first fruits of immortal ity, of knowledge of God, or grope in darkness and the enter into possession of the first fruits of immortal ity, of knowledge of God, or grope in darkness and the enter into possession of the first fruits of immortal ity, of knowledge of God, or grope in darkness.

on the Artesian fountains of the soul, and the living spring that welled up was all womanly-all upon the leading passion of her child's heart, to ing service which God has made necesary condidivine—an instinctive yearning to be loved.

An indescribation of the mother, as quickly succeeded by the calm impress of holy hope and decision. She solves, toward the haven of eternal rest. She cognizes its better portion, its heavenly inheritance. and you will win respect. You will seem beautiful to all when they find you loving and well-informed.' she advanced on life's pilgrinage among the winds and sweeten the bread philosophy could not bake. It came, and her head was clearer, her heart lighter.

ormed.'

'Oh never, mother! I can never be loved like and blighted love-only when step by step, and crooked places straight, bridging the deep chasms, and training the ivy where desolation had done its work-ever by her side to whisper 'all's well!' 'My child! my child' you are ungrateful to God, and smite the rock, that sweeter hopes and richer who has given you richer gifts than the beauty sympathies might gash forth to lave her parched that soon fades. Your soul will live forever. It lips and fill her increased capacity for loving, for in early summer as for was fashioned in the image of God, and He is blessing, and being blessed—only then, when tearful eyes raised wisting. love! He is the fountain, as his love is the origin, childhood and early youth had passed and left the of all that is beautiful and loveable, either of face fruits of a more than life-time experience, was she or mind, on earth or in heaven. Give your heart fully conscious that the star of her soul's nativity to Him and He will make it all beautiful and good had risen in teat hour when the despair of personto Him and He will make it all beautiful and good had risen in test hour when the despair of person-forever, and He will send His angels to walk with al loveliness had given place to the lofty and far off her vesture of green and her crown of flowers. you through life. Do you doubt my words! - reaching hope of enduring charms - when her pas-Look at your teacher, Miss L.—strangers call her sive and unconscious energiet had responded to luxuriance, and the heart of the maiden wreathed very plain—even ugly; but all who know her love stern resolves of life-long, patient devotion to the itself in the bright bucs of hope and love, to see her, she is so kindly affectioned and intelligent ... good, the beautiful, the enduring. And only when 'Oh yes, mamma, Miss L. is beautiful, and we with despair and conquered, and wrested from disprosperity, the sweetest drop in the cup of bliss --only then did she return and lay on her mother's bosom her heart's most precious offering-its man- their own, while we hie to the boudoir of the matifold experience of a mother's influence..

of soft dalliance with rose and sweet-briar, is fantears with the corner of her tiny pinafore, and for ning the uplifted brow of a solitary worshipper bethe first time in her brief life sought to be alone, neath the gorgeons dome of a temple more splen-that she might pender the conditions of her new did than hand of man ever reared. A flood of and beautiful hope and hold grave counsel with silvery light from overhanging moon and stars reherself on the means of accomplishing the great yeals the features of a gien dimpling the convex sides of surrounding mountains. A tiny stream, -the attainment of a spicitual loveliness that leaping in foam-wreaths from the green hillside should win devoted affection-an efficiency that wends its way through the centre, and a broad river, murmuring solemnly in its more distant course And henceforth a world of thought and feeling, around the base of a majestic mountain, reflects a world rich in hope and determination, grew into the radiant beavens; and fantastic shadows, peer-order and beauty and meaning around the child ing from copse and chills and solitary trees, like as she thought and labored, and communed with giants' sentineling the broad avenues sylvan retreats of nature, in moonlight glens and mountain background. The song of the nightinthe solitude of her little chamber. But oh! that gale rises full and clear above the fiful swell of world so bright, so beautiful to the spiritual eye insect music, and ever and man the entreating of the child, so magnificent in its promise of a tones of "Whip-poor-Will" break on the listening future fruit time and harvest, was all concealed soul of night. There is music on earth—the great from other eyes in the consciousness that only for heart of nature is gushing and vibrating to the her had the angel of love cent the clasps from the grateful presence of Almighty power and love. book of beauty. She sought companionship a-mong her youthful associates—she sat at the feer of the aged and listened to the words of the ma-bonding in rapt sympathy to the half-whispered

a twofold life-the one constrained to meet the outgrown its tiny pinalore, and her heart the love expectations and views of the world without-the that would have satisfied its childhood. But the

glories that burst upon her soul had forgotten all, can it be more blessed. But what have tears to save to wonder and admire. In the all-absorbing do with the rich follness of a joyous and loving loveliness of the true, the enduring and the infinite, heart? what with the dawning glories of a future loveliness of the true, the enduring and the infinite, she had forgotten self—forgotten that she was not beautiful—and only remembered, as subject for more blessed even than the present in the power more blessed even than the present in the power to give and to receive at the shrines of human and divine sympathy? Alas for human affections!—a recipient of infinite love. On the eating and divine sympathy? Alas for human affections!—The maiden is alone—alone, at the great fountain of universal love—alone, amid the beautiful presences of earth and heaven—alone, in the banquet-links and solemn places of her spirit-world. The larged of love had written in beauty-breathing characters upon the maiden's heart, but not upon her better hopes—graven by their own hands upon their incorrentials heritage. voice and live. She has plunged into the deep undercurrent of life-opened her heart to its holier meanings-and though no foot follows, no hand ly varied, but her heart had known neither ennui clasps hers, and no voice with low and soothing nor monotony. Her thought-world was a fountain of perpetual sweets. But the outward life may be barren of incident to other even while to the may not turn, back with heaven before her—she ennnot despair with earth's beautiful things spring-ing up in her path and every where uttering the praise of Him who gave them being. For has she not read in the startlit heavens the eternity of Him in whom she trusts? And has not her soul listened to the low breathed music of leaf and stream till

But alas for the loving and sensitive heart when it turns to the dear ones who have borne it gently, tenderly-to friends that have never failed nor faltered in its need-when to these it comes in the confidence of a sweeter sympathy, a higher appre-ciation, and no fond arms are folded exultingly about it-no pillowing bosom inspires it for a mightier effort, a holier purpose. Alas! for its
strong agony when for the first it brings its precious than ever the necessity of her soul, till sterner re-alities mingled with her dreams and woke her to the toil and conflict of life.

As a child she had wandered among her native hills and vales and held enraptured communion heart, did she not find them all written out and glowing in the works of the good, the great, the honored? and how could they be unprelitable contemptible in the heart of the child-the woman? She could not answer; but the utilitation world answered: 'Philosophy can bake no bread.' But philosophy can procure us God, freedom, immortality, 'a murmured the maiden. 'There is something for all hands to do,' said the epicurean world; 'the body must have bread or die.' 'There is more for the immortal spirit to accomplish, responded the maiden; it must win heaven, must From the corruptible springs the incorruptible; to the various arts of domestic life. She cast not her soul into its kneading-troughs, but wrought the woof of time into the warp of eternity--sought from both head and heart a blessing that should

shade trees and flowering shrubs. The soft light of the moon struggles with the cheerful light from within, and brooklet and bird and the ringing laugh of childhood tell of happiness and repose to hum-It is just such an evening lips and fill her increased capacity for loving, for in early summer as found our little maiden with blessing, and being blessed-only then, when tearful eyes raised wistfully to the brilliant heaven tearful eyes raised wistfully to the brilliant heaven arching her childhood's home. But long years have flown since then, and from other and distant scenes has her heart heaved to the soft beauty of to renew them again in brighter hues and richer itself in the bright bues of hope and love, to see their truth depart and their beauty vanish. the years had passed, and her heart borne fruit to the chastenings of sorsow—when it had grappled with despair and conquered, and wrested from dis-with despair and conquered, and wrested from disappointment the brighest gems in the crown of her pathway and cluster round her cottage home. But let us leave the family circle to sweet though's, sweet tones and sweet memories, all

ron and read the anfinished letter which lies upon her desk. Haply it will supply the connecting link between the past and the present, and com-It is evening, and the gentle breeze, wearying plate the history we have begun. 'Ah, my dear friend, joy cometh in the morn-

ing, after the long night of sorrow. My nurtured affections needed first to learn, sublime a thing it is to suffer and be strong;' how blessed to meet God in the storm, as in the first pale star of evening, in the spring flower and the song of the summer bird.

"When disappointment first parted the cable of hope, to smother and root out the sympathies which in their unfortunate bestowal were beggared forever seemed my only hope of tranquility, my best promise of efficiency in the thronging daties of my position. But the effort soon taught its ropelessness, and reflection assured me that, even ere it possible, such a course must eventually debase and weigh down the best energies of my mind; for through the cultivation of its affections alone could my soul hope for heaven-hope to essen the great moral distance between it and God and glerified spirits. On this conviction I built another and more hopeful plan of mental effort and moral culture, that, instead of sinking and depreciating the fountains of affection which had een opened and vacated, might eventuate in better hopes and more philanthropic aims. And this I felt was more than possible with God, who had indicated the uses of affliction in bringing into sweeter companionship with himself the creatures of his love.
The love which I had failed to secure from the

one, I prayed. God might be compensated in the elevated esteem and friendship of the many; I was not yet prepared to surreader earth for heaven, to place eternity first that the joys of time might be added. But trials thickened and the sorrows that were jealously guarded from human ken, my torn and straitened spirit was at length forced to carry to Him who alone knows what and how his creatures bear. Then sprang the germ of that faith which is rest to the weary, balm to the wounded spirit; and in all subsequent storms, between the

\*Philosophy can bake no bread, but she can procore for us God, freedom, immortality .- Christian

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